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Three, started off chasing a dream. And they are...

Jennifer” Jen” Blacktide: former national merit scholar turned movie fanatic. Once garnered national attention for a newspaper she made in 5th grade called The Potter’s Pie (she was second at nationals).

Scott” Football head” Giddy: 3 time state chess champion. Founded the Zelda videogame Club; and took in 3 dollars per week from each of the 15 official members (for bringing the snacks, mostly Butterfingers and Little Caesar’s pizzas).

Fred Jamby: manages 7 kid’s paper routes around the city for a dollar per kid, per week (the job was grandfathered down to him from his father Earl, at age 11).

CHUM

By JOHN T BUCKLEY

Chapter 1

Ice cream is for dinner

A brief sunbeam pierced the fog revealing a white haired, white bearded man named Gratus Tomlinson. He wandered out of the fog-and in one mentally for that matter-and over to Jen's side. Jen looked down and saw he was staring at her with pool cue size eyes (they were good enough to be out of any reputable horror shop).

"When you look back on your life," Gratus exclaimed as he slapped his hands together. "Don't borrow someone else's lens. This will be the only thing that truly matters to you, in this life. Forget tomorrow, and you'll be relentless," Gratus insisted as he spoke into her ear with a meditative voice. The words pulsating through Jen's face like a warm drink of coco.

"Jen?" inquired Fred reluctantly as he shook Jen's shoulder.

"Fred, this doesn't look like it's safe to be here," Jen said timidly. "I mean we could end up dead or worse. Maybe we should turn back?"

Jen rode along on top of a black stallion named Hoppa with Fred on back; they went through the thick Carterville swamp (that was engulfed in dense fog). They could see people poking out of the trees, dead as last week's losing numbers for the lotto. Fred aimed his gun out into the fog and fired a single shot.

He hit a crow, and it simply careened into the water and disappeared without a splash. The sun was red and rising like the hangman in the morning.

“Jen, if there’s any chance we can live through this,” Fred continued, “Then we have to take it.”

They felt the back of their horse starting to rip open. And they fell into the vast belly of the horse like jelly beans poured into a ditch.

“What’s happening, Fred?” asked Jen frantically with dead bodies and a river of backwash around her. “I can’t see anything!” Jen cried as she pushed some human bones away from her face.

Fred lit up his lighter; and he saw there were scores of human bones all throughout the horse’s stomach. Jen let out a scream that bounced off the walls and caused the horse to sprint (further into the swamp now, much further).

“Jen, stop going nuts,” Fred wheezed, knowing he was as scared as her. “Just hold on a second. If we wait it will be fine,” Fred assured her hardly believing his own words. “Or we’ll just get creative.”

The horse took a wrong step and they were suddenly submerged in water. The hole in its back had barrels of water rushing in; and Jen and Fred were starting to panic. The sounds of moaning people could be heard getting louder and louder in every direction.

“FRED!” Jen shouted nervously as she punched the side of the horse’s belly.

She punched so hard that it created an opening the size of a bathtub: and they were sucked out of the horse’s belly and into the depths of the swamp. Fred swam with Jen out around a sleeping crocodile. Jen saw a flickering of light and swam right for it. Fred did the same and they shot right up to the surface.

“We made it, Fred, yes!” Jen said knowing it was a taradiddle rolling off her lips. “I’m not dying in some swamp,” Jen declared as she started to climb up the muddy slope, and out of the water. Fred did the same; and his eyes were hardly looking up at all.

“I knew it, we lucked out,” Fred said as he spit out some water. “Man, I need some nourishment. Hey, what’s that light over there?” Fred asked cautiously as he walked the last few feet to the shore.

They saw a red light aimed at them-Jen hated all red lights from way back-and then Fred got shot once through the head. The shot killed him where he stood, Jen was terrified. She screamed and tried to run, but the mud was so thick she could barely move. Her knees rose lower and lower with every step. Then she saw the light in her eyes and screamed.

Jen awoke from her nightmare with a shrill scream. She looked at Fred as he sipped his coffee; and he looked at her like he’d seen Bigfoot in Bermuda shorts. She pulled her hair back from her face and smirked at Fred (she was not amused).

“Yup!” said Jen as she grinned.

“Yup what, Jennifer of Jenville?” asked Fred Jamby as he leaned back in his recliner.

“Yup!” said Jen brightly, as they were all lounging around in a cushion apartment. A cushion apartment doesn’t have a stitch of furniture: only large cushions, several televisions, and a bathroom. You have to pay 100 dollars a year to be able to use one of the nearly 5,000 of them, on Earth and in space.

Jen giggled and continued curling her hair with an electronic glove called a Storm Lover (it sends a charge through your hair curling it instantly). Jen is 5 foot 5 inches tall and has a cute face and good body (as she would say). She has on a, I PUNCHED YOUR GIRLFRIEND t-shirt and red Levis. Her hair is blonde and curly like she just had a day at the hair salon (she had gone the day before and refused to sleep on her new do).

“I agree with her yup, Fred the gas blower, screw you,” Scott said facetiously and in a deep voice like a blues singer; and he rolled over to the window that was covered in sweaters to take a look (he saw only people floating around on anti-gravity couches drinking beer). Scott is 5 foot 9 inches tall and has a trim

build with narrow shoulders. He has on a thin tan sweater (that he thinks it makes him look handsome) and a pair of black leather pants. And he also has on sunglasses (always tinted green or no dice).

“Fred, we’re just kiddin’ ya, man,” Jen said as she rubbed her back with the side of her hand. “You do smell, not that I noticed,” Jen said jokingly as she finished doing her hair and stared at Fred.

Fred threw his shaggy red hair back, and barked like a dog. He was all of 6 foot 3 inches tall and *bone thin*. He had on a white sweat suit jacket-he had won in a raffle-and black and grey striped dress pants. He always wore his multi colored flattop Adidas (where he hid all his cash in the soles because he didn’t have a wallet). Fred had dark green penetrating eyes that made people nervous (which made HIM nervous).

“That smell is my considerable manhood shaking you to your KNEES!”

“No, not so much,” Jen fired back as she watched TV. She was debating watching Shadow Thief again, but she worried she’d cry again (she didn’t mind the crying, but she thought Fred and Scott would mind). Jen loved Shadow Thief; and she thought of it whenever she made her decisions.

“Hey it’s sunny outside,” Scott remarked as he stretched out his arms over his head. “Sure looks to be another HOT ONE in Cali!” I want two things out of this life, and both are money. I’ll settle for either one I mean it. Boy, a man and his foxhole, what a place to die,” Scott said but the sound of his voice was too chipper to be funny. He eyed an old homeless man-dressed in O.R. scrubs-as he bumped into people walking down the street. And then the homeless man crashed into a pizza delivery drone. This sent the pizza pies flying into people walking by. Some were wearing designer clothes that got ruined (and they debated killing him over it).

“I’d give both forms of money to you, but I don’t have either,” Jen joked.

“T’anks, Jen, so nice of ya!” Scott replied as he rested his head on the window sill.

“You’re welcome,” Jen said with her eyes on the Shadow Thief laser stick (which was a small black lipstick shaped laser case. And it could carry entire movies to your TV by just firing it in that direction). “Hey, I just had an idea. What if we watch Shadow thief again? Come on, humor me before I die in a ditch somewhere,” Jen begged.

Fred laughed and rolled over Jen’s stomach; and then he grabbed the cinnamon pretzels before she could. Jen laid there with her mouth agape and her tongue sticking out. She felt great to have friends that she could be silly with.

“Shadow Thief, are we only watching that movie so you can open the Leo debate?” Fred asked.

“Yes!”

“Great, I was hoping you’d brightly say that, so I could do this,” Fred said sarcastically as he started gently pulling on Jen’s hair. Scott looked over at them and grinned like Charlie Brown finally kicking the football. And then he glanced back down at the street. Shadow Thief suddenly shot through his mind (and he knew he would feel that *ache again* for Leo if he watched it).

“Yeah, let’s watch it, and really talk it out,” Scott said loudly using a voice of an old man. “I need that scab picked,” Scott said as he watched the homeless man suck in, and then spit hard in the face of the woman helping him up. Scott saw this and cringed, but he wanted to laugh underneath.

“Me too, pick my scab for me,” Jen answered. “You know you wanna,” Jen said sarcastically as she danced around Fred and flopped down on her stomach in front of the TV. She motioned with her hand for Fred to get her an ice cream bar. Fred shook his head Yes; and then ducked into the fridge (that was hidden in the wall).

“I do wanna, even if wanna isn’t a real word,” Scott’s mind-still suffering from residual euphoria from the incident the night before where he kissed a random woman on the lips-his thoughts: took a chance, great kisser, should have asked her out, great kisser, and, of course, boy was she hot. “Jen, when you die,

can I have all of the 35 cents you have in your pants pocket?” Scott asked as he debated eating during the movie or not. “Like, I needs me some loot. I could go lootless, then what, right. That’s right you’re nodding means right, I’ll be eaten by wolves. I hate to say it, but that’s all I got to look forward too,” Scott confessed sarcastically as he mimicked the mannerisms of a young boy. He watched Jen giggling and knew he was lucky she was his friend.

“Nope, no deal,” said Jen.

“What?” Scott exclaimed as he grabbed a penny off the windowsill. “Why to the not?” Scott asked as he gently poked Jen in the back several times.

“Because, what else B. O.”

“Man I gotta shower at least once a month,” Scott watched Fred going for the laser to Shadow Thief intently (still debating watching it or not). “Damn, and eat more cookies,” Scott said as he watched Fred fall face first onto the cushions beside Jen. Fred reached for the Shadow Thief laser and fired it (starting the movie).

“Can we skip?” Jen asked coyly as she always asked to skip, but always made it seem random. “Come on, I love the end first,” Jen begged warmly as she grabbed the remote; a second later she was riffling through the chapters of the movie.

“Yes, yes we can baby!!!” Fred sang terribly as he pretended to be on the edge of his seat anticipating the movie.

“You know when you sing, people die,” Jen said jokingly as she kept her eyes on the TV (she hated hitting the button for wrong chapter). “Don’t sing in crowded rooms, Man, just don’t do it,” Jen said sarcastically as she finally made it to the final scene of Shadow Thief.

“Before we start, who thinks Ben Train should have won the Oscar?” Fred asked as he put his hand up along with Jen’s and Scott’s. Jen teared up at this-with Fred wishing he hadn’t asked; Fred and Scott knew that the mere fact that Ben Train had lost, really made her sad-and Fred hugged her.

“Obviously, he nailed every scene in the movie!” Jen said tearfully as she tried to pull it together.

“Except for one, Jen, the bet cost him,” Scott said as his fingers rapidly moved-making only the best guitar chords from the Halen-in the air above Jen’s head. “What was he thinking? You tell the director that in the final scene the KID, decides which parent to go with? Are you crazy? What if the kid secretly hated Ben’s guts, ya know?” Scott asked as he watched *Shadow Thief* start to roll; and Ben’s character entered the frame. There he saw his son Chum-played by a child actor named Jason Giddy who preferred people call him Chum at all times-standing in the rain between him and his ex-wife *BETH*.

“Wait, pause the movie,” Jen said as she shook her hands out like they were cold-even though it was 70 degrees outside-and moved to the edge of the mattress. “They screwed him because he had a nervous disorder. They want you to shake every hand, and kiss serious butt, and he wouldn’t do it. He changed acting forever, and this was *HIS YEAR!* I mean, even the guy that won was like, *WHAT,*” Jen said as she started to wipe away tears and shake her head like she’d been swimming. She still felt the same ache she had when Ben had lost the Oscar (she still owned her Oscar dress she had made from old sundresses that her aunt Tilda had given her).

“I know, he’d missed out on winning 3 times when he was young,” Scott answered as he opened a Coke can. “Which means they had to know he could win someday, but this scene-” Scott spoke with certain sadness in his voice. He eyed Ben’s blurred shaking hand-stuck there until Jen started the movie again-in *Shadow Thief*. Scott wanted to cry, but he knew Jen would breakdown if he did.

Ben walked towards Chum, holding a handful of movie tickets in his right hand, and cleared his throat.

“Chum, you hungry yet?” asked Ben warmly as he waved the movie tickets in front of his smiling face. “There’s plenty of those ice cream bars you like in the fridge,” Ben said as he stopped. Ben smiled at Chum who was 10 feet in front of him (while keeping an eye on Beth 10 feet from Chum on the other side). Her and Chum equally amused by this.

Chum froze in his spot-grinning like he’d eaten the last piece of pizza-and he turned his head to the side (showing the slap mark from where Ben had hit him earlier in the day on his cheek). Chum started to turn towards Ben, but Beth-seizing her moment-clapped her hands hard together 3 times fast.

“Come now, Chum, no more of this,” Beth begged hollowly, as she acted like she was sick to her stomach, by bending at the waist and coughing. “Your bum father doesn’t deserve a son like you, Chum, and you know it. Just wave goodbye and we’ll..,” Beth said calmly before stopping herself-realizing she already had the sale in hand-and she fussed with her white sun dress (and she watched Ben out of her peripheral vision for cracks in his veneer).

“NO, Chum, that’s not good for me,” Ben interrupted a second after she had stopped talking-the embarrassment of missing his moment was evident on his face (he was sweating like race horses past the far pole-and he searched for the words. “Tell that bitch, you’re comin’ with me, now. HURRY!” demanded Ben as he glared at Chum with a snake’s venom in his eyes.

“You hit Chum, you hit me hard,” Chum cried as he rubbed his bruised cheek. “Chum don’t like hit,” Chum said tearfully as he looked down. Chum kept tucking and then pulling out his red and blue stripped shirt (always worried Beth would slap him if he was unkempt in the movie or *in real life*).

Jen watched-with the patience and anticipation of a purse snatcher-and she couldn’t hold back her tears (as she thought of her own dead father Royalton).

“Go with him, Chum, please go,” Jen pleaded with her eyes pinned, like little lasers, on Chum.

Scott had a tear working its way to his neck-through a good shave from the day before-but he couldn't stop now. He watched as Ben got infuriated with Chum (and he knew he was about to blow it, but a part of him still hoped he wouldn't).

"I'm sorry, Chum, but you were bad," Ben said apologetically-knowing he was winning with this voice inflection-as he offered Chum his hand. "You Took my Damn BEER, and THREW IT! Now You God Damn KNEW THAT WAS WRONG! I'm not asking you get your ass over here now, NOW, CHUM!" Ben growled as he bunched up his hand-that was holding the tickets-into a fist.

Chum cried harder now, more than a funeral, more than a pet dying, and he looked dead at Ben, shaking his head the impossible NO. Beth meanwhile knew Ben was blowing it-fighting back the urge to cackle-and she stood there just calmly playing with her hair. She was getting ready to steal the scene from him *heaven be damned*.

"No, Chum, I hate this part," Fred admitted as his eyes couldn't find a way to stop watching. Fred knew Chum's life was about to be destroyed; and he couldn't watch a man like Ben's dream die as well (but looking away wasn't an option either).

"Daddy, why did you push me down the steps for laughing, why?" Chum asked sharply with his lower lip quivering, couldn't stop it, slowly losing his legs beneath him. "I wouldn't push you. I just wanted to laugh because you hair was so messed up. Why couldn't I laugh, just once that day? I was a good kid, I didn't make any MESS. I didn't drink your Dr. Pep's, why hit and push Chum?" Chum asked tearfully with snot coming out of his nostrils, and tears hitting his shoes. His voice cracked, and he could barely speak. Chum looked at Ben and tears clouded his vision.

"That doesn't matter, get over here! You...you-" Ben lost his train of thought and froze up (in his mind he knew he was choking big time).

“Don’t listen to him, Chum,” Beth interrupted calmly with her hands batting away invisible dirt from her shoes. “He’ll beat you ‘til you’re dead. I’ll never hit you even ONCE, never. I swear to you, Chum, he’ll just keep on hurtin’ ya,” Beth said as she moved her foot like a young school girl would (from side to side in a youthful fashion) “All his days you’ll want him to be a good father. And all those days he’ll blow it. Jason, your favorite show’s coming on and yes, it’s Mister Bungle. Are you hungry yet?” Beth asked coyly-in a soft voice you heard only in church-as she knew she had him now. She watched Chum trying to decide what to do, his eyes down, and Ben at a loss for words. She knew then, she had toppled the great *BEN TRAIN*.

“Say something!!” Jen cried as she was pulling her hair out. “Anything, SAY IT!” yelled Jen angrily with diamonds of light bouncing off her fallen tears. Jen saw herself as Chum, both losing their father when they were young. She wanted to hug him right then and there. She knew Ben was blowing it; and it made her sick to her stomach to watch.

“Oh God, here comes the look,” Fred said with his voice sounding dry and cracking.

Chum looked left, felt his bruised cheek, and then looked at Ben. Ben’s eyes opened wide with shock-completely wrong moment for the scene, and what the Academy admitted was his undoing-and he gasped for air (as he knew he had lost him).

“I can’t, too many bruises,” Chum confessed as he rubbed his cheek. “I, I just don’t want to hurt all time. Bye, Daddy,” Chum said tearfully as he kicked off the new sneakers Ben had bought for him. Both shoes resting in a mud puddle as a frog was leaping onto them a second later. Chum ran over to Beth; and she threw a soft smirk to Ben. Ben knew then he had lost the Oscar.

Jen hid her head in the cushions like a groundhog and cried. She punched the seat beside her 3 times hard, as she was beyond heartbroken.

“I don’t know why we keep watching it if it rips our hearts out every time,” Scott continued as he stood up and went to the window. “I mean, it’s his own stupid fault,” Scott said as he grabbed a Dr. Pepper out of the fridge.

“You mean the bet?” Fred asked.

“Yeah, Fred, I mean it seems like a perfectly amazing premise, granted” Scott said with a voice that sounded more sad than pissed. “You enter the scene with no dialogue. And one person gets Chum to go with them. And then is decided by that kid actor, what’s his name, Jason or something,” Scott explained as he shot his hands through his hair and tried to slow his breathing (Scott didn’t like getting angry for any reason). “I mean it makes me angry, because the script had Chum going to Ben in the first place. If he would have just played the lines, he’d be an Oscar winner right now,” Scott said, his mind racing through the different scenes he remembered from the news when Ben was found out to be in a self induced coma (and that day people found out he didn’t want out of that coma on the 6 o’clock, for any reason). “Probably 5 or 6 times over too. Instead the guy’s been in a coma for 30 years. It just sucks,” Scott confessed as he knelt down, and rubbed Jen’s back with the bottom of his cold Dr. Pepper can, Jen trying to hold it together (and weeping).

“Yeah, and even weirder for me,” Fred said as he reached around the cushions for any loose change (or his bag of Skittles). “He has his New Life character taken from this movie-using his DNA to map out his entire brain scan-replaying the scenes from the movie on that planet, Verashit, I mean Veraclare,” Fred spoke in a voice that said I’m joking, but not really. “That would be cool though, to act with him. Like, considering he controls it from his coma,” Fred said as his eyes moved around the room like an eagle’s looking for his half eaten bag of Skittles; however Scott had already eaten them in the bathroom.

“No, no, please, Chum,” Jen begged as she rained on her chin. “Ah, I need to lay for a minute don’t ask me any questions,” Jen cried as she rolled over onto her back-her mind racing through the whole Oscar snub speech Beth had done (saying Ben was resting in space as she won)-and she watched the

credits roll past at the end of Shadow Thief. There she saw the bonus frame-she had timed it out to watch just that-of Ben collapsing onto his chest.

“Scott, what if we went there?” Fred asked with a glimmer in his eye.

“Go there, ha...hah, come on,” Scott rebuffed with his hand punching the wall now. “Look if we go there we’ll all flunk out. My dad would be none too pleased with that scenario. No, it’s just a dream to me now.” Scott said hoping he could have said yes.

“Wait, we could go and be back in a week,” Fred explained with his hands joining the conversation. “That’s only missing two days of school, Scott, come on yourself. Look, I’ll say I kidnapped you and made you eat dirt. But not sand, I don’t want that on my hands,” Fred said sarcastically now just walking around nervously (with a giddiness to his walk). “Oh, can we all just like do SOMETHING COOL, once with our lives?” Fred asked using his best shame the world voice. He reclined on a pair of pillows and sipped his Dr. Pepper like it was hot (to make Jen laugh, and she giggled at this).

“No way, no way, that’s crazy,” Scott answered mournfully, and the sun slipped out from behind a cloud (with Scott thinking this was a sign). “If anything let’s just go to the Balladerium and-”

“And play full body chess, in this weather, really, Scott?” Jen fired back without hesitation before Scott could finish. “No, *I need this and I need it bad*, Scott. Fred’s right who cares about school. You know you’re going to be working in your dad’s kitchen someday. You know, you know it,” Jen grimaced and grabbed Scott’s dangling hand. “And you also know you don’t need an ed-ja-ma-cation to do that. Come on, let’s rattle the stars a bit,” begged Jen as she tossed pillows at Scott. “Let’s be rude to strangers, Scott, think about it,” Jen said coyly-knowing he would love doing all those things-and she leaned into Scott and tickled his stomach. Scott grimaced, as he was staring up at the ceiling.

“I am so screwed,” Scott said sadly as he knew he was about to do something really stupid (or really fun).

Jen smiled and then Fred. And they started dancing around Scott and singing the Hungry Hippo movie theme song.

“If you’re a really smelly hippo! Then you know you’re not my friend! But if the RAIN DOES GET YA! You blew it once again!! I hate your neck, but what the heck, we knew it all along!! The Hippo is a part of us, and now he does beee-longgg!!!” Fred and Jen sang as they pushed Scott around playfully.

“Yeah, you only get one chance to really blow it in this life,” Scott said with his eyes looking down and his mind filled with thoughts of Veraclare. “And that time is now. And I’m TAKING IT! Let’s roll YOU MOLES!” Scott said as he jumped up and punched the ceiling; and then he danced around like a damn fool. He secretly wanted them to get him to go, because he had no desire to go school on Monday (seeing as he had a public speaking speech to deliver, *which he hated*).

They made their way into the gorilla head shaped car Jen owned (The Blinky Mousemobile). And it had the bumper stickers I SAVE TREES BY EATING THEM as well as the one YOU CAN SINK A SHIP WITH LOVE AND DEAD PEOPLE. SO I GUESS I’LL SWIM THEN. And they were stuck sideways on her back window (and the window was round and 5 feet across). They were on their way to Fresha Space terminal now. It was 3 miles away; and it rose up out of a manmade mountain.

At Fresha, Jim Kay a lean 6 foot 1 inch bald man-with no humor in his blue eyes-was arguing with security officer Jeb Brown (Jim had never lost an argument in his mind *IN YEARS*).

“That’s bull!” Jim shrieked as he glared at Jeb-hoping to get into an altercation-as Jeb just stood there stoically. “There’s no way you lost my luggage, bull-shit. I want my fuckin’ bags, and I want them now. I’ll crack that head WIDE OPEN, huh, Pal. That’s right, go get it, NOW! Worst damn service ever!” Jim barked angrily as he looked around for something-or someone-to punch. His beautiful purple haired girlfriend Kim Dealt stood there wanting to laugh-having seen this movie many times before-but she knew it would set Jim off.

Kim Dealt was all of 5 feet 1 and curvy (much like Mary Ann from Gilligan’s Island). Her eyes never

showed fear or worry (about dead people). And that is to say, she didn't care about the past she just wanted to enjoy her life. Jim on the other hand, loved history and playing internet poker. He had won the World Series of Poker 3 times (the last time still in dispute as to whether or not he had seen his opponent's cards). This put him in the class of Stevie Unger (the best ever to turn a card).

"Maybe he hid it?" Kim asked vaguely-knowing it would get Jim riled up-as she shrugged her shoulders. "Like, in a hiding place?"

"Kim, not now you're wearing me out," Jim responded. "God if I don't get my laptop and those checks, man. WHAM!" shouted Jim his eyes on a soda machine; it was nearby and he wanted to smash it. He saw a man standing there trying to buy a diet Mountain Dew. His thoughts quickly turned to how thirsty he was for the same thing.

"Jim, don't go Dew hunting," Kim demanded as she held onto Jim's stomach. "I need you to calm down, it will be fine."

"Kim, I just need a fuckin' Dew, not your yap," Jim said sharply as he pulled her hands off his stomach; like he was pulling spider webs off his shirt. "I just hope that peckerhead, hasn't snagged the last Dew. Hold tight here while I ah, go check. Serious I'll be right back," Jim said as he kissed Kim on the cheek, and then caressed her arm and left.

Jim jogged over to the soda machine (making sure to run like he was some sort of sports star out for a jog, knees high). He watched a: black haired, balding fat man named Harvey Smoke, shake the machine violently. They both could see the last diet Mountain Dew hanging precariously from a spiral hook.

"DAMN IT!!" Harvey shouted as he reared back like he was going to punch the machine, but Jim grabbed his fist and stopped him. "FAAALLL!!" screamed Harvey as he shook the machine. He lowered his shoulder and tried to smash it like a football linebacker, but it did little.

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